

BRITISH AIR RAID ON BAGDAD—INDIAN RULER FOR WAR CABINET

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

RELIEF FOR THE HOMELESS—YESTERDAY'S SCENES IN THE AREA
DEVASTATED BY THE MUNITIONS EXPLOSION.



Mrs. Clymes, the mother of ten children, who is now homeless.



Both were employed at the factory and were lucky to escape.



Group of mothers and children. In many cases the breadwinner perished in the explosion and they are now destitute.



The little sons of one of the firemen who were killed.



Placing a homeless girl in charge of two members of the Women's Volunteer Reserve.



Children waiting outside their school until arrangements are made for housing them.

Prompt relief has been organised for those who have been rendered homeless by the great munitions explosion in East London. One estimate places the number at 400, but the problem of finding a roof to cover them is being tackled with a will by scores of voluntary

helpers. The people are very philosophic and even optimistic. "Thank heaven I'm alive," said one man of whose home neither stick nor stone now remains. "You can get a new home, but you can't get a new life."—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

SEARCHING INESCAPABLE INTO GREAT EXPLOSION

'No Need for Alarm,' Says Minister of Munitions.

THE KING'S SYMPATHY

Dead Estimated at Nearly 100—Over 500 Injured.

CRAWLED FROM RUINS

Inquest Tales by Survivors Whose Houses Collapsed.

A most searching inquiry will be made into the cause of the explosion at a munitions works in London.

Any suggestions made to prevent a recurrence of such an event will be fearlessly adopted by the Government.

This important statement was made by Dr. Addison, the Minister of Munitions, last evening, and the announcement will be received by the public with feelings of relief and satisfaction.

"I am glad to say," said Dr. Addison, "that the casualties are much smaller than we anticipated at first, and that the account which was published is fully substantiated."

The small houses in the immediate neighbourhood have now been thoroughly investigated.

"We do not know fully the cause of the accident. Like most others—and we have been singularly free from them on the whole—this one was occasioned by an outbreak of fire."

"In nearly every case that has been the original cause of the explosion. As to what was the cause of the fire we do not know, but you may be assured that the most searching inquiry is being, and will be, made into the sad disaster, and that any precaution which this experience might suggest, or any others that may be suggested, will be fearlessly adopted."

"There is, however, no occasion for alarm. I have been astounded as I have seen men many times in these factories handling, without the least fear, even with impunity, the shells

THE KING'S SYMPATHY.

In addition to sending a message conveying their profound sympathy with the friends and relatives of the victims of the London explosion, the King and Queen yesterday made special inquiries as to the condition of the injured.

that are there made. The fact is that, apart from the risk of a fire starting in some way, many of these big shells are no more dangerous to handle than so much sand or other similar material."

In addition, to the bodies recovered (between thirty and forty), twenty-four victims of the disaster have died in hospital, and it is estimated that the injured number between 500 and 600.

PATHETIC SCENES.

Coroner's Sympathy with Those Who Mourn.

Distressing scenes were witnessed at the opening of the inquest yesterday on fifteen of the victims of the explosion.

The work of identifying the dead has proved an impossible task in more than one instance. In four cases the bodies were described as those of "unknown" people.

Some of those who attended to carry out the task of formally identifying the dead had been spared themselves by a miracle, and the scars bore witness to the fact that they had been on the threshold of death. The names of the victims identified were: Mrs. Mason, Thomas Crickmar, Walter Baker, exander Hart, Winifred Sell, Albert Pinack, George Galloway, William Sinder, Hannah Tras, Edward Croft and Frederick Robinson.

The coroner, addressing the jury, said: "I am sure I shall be carrying out your wishes I express on your behalf our intense sympathy with the friends and relatives of all those who suffered, and, of course, in that expression wish to join."

MOTHER'S "GOOD-BYE."

Mrs. Preston's body was identified by her son. The Coroner: Your head is bandaged. Were you injured?—Yes, with flying glass.

Did you go to home?—Yes.

"What did you see?" inquired the coroner.

"The houses were a heap of bricks in the end. You could see nothing else."

"What about your mother?—My mother was dead all the bricks."

She was got out?—I was taken away and could not see. I saw her alive afterwards at the hospital. She sent for me. I was a patient there, and I was told that she was there. She died on afterwards.

Mrs. Hart identified her husband. He was thirty-one years of age and a checker. The Coroner: You remained in the house at the time of the explosion?—Yes.

I understand you to say that you were in the house when the explosion occurred?—It all came down on the top of us and we got out.

In the case of Winifred Snell (fifteen), Harold Snell, a clerk, identified the body as that of his sister. Their father, he said, was a fireman, and they lived at the fire station.

Your father has lost his life?—He was killed at the time of the explosion when working there. Witness found the fire station blown down. His sister was found in a field adjoining the fire station with her back broken.

"I have another brother in another hospital injured," the witness added, "and my mother is in hospital suffering from shock and another brother is ill in hospital."

The Unknown Dead.—A police superintendent explained that a woman had come to identify her grandmother, but could not.

Another unidentified woman was said to be about forty years of age. She was dead when

TOLL OF GREAT EXPLOSION.

Bodies recovered	70
Deaths in hospital	24
Seriously injured	123
Slightly injured	453
Persons homeless	1,000

brought in. Her head was injured and a piece of glass was found embedded in the flesh.

An unidentified man who was admitted to hospital suffering from severe injuries was, it was stated, only able to speak a name which sounded like "Rayat," although he made painful attempts to communicate his identity.

In the case of Albert Edward Robert Tizaack, thirty-eight, a packer, a nephew said that he went home and found the house in ruins. The deceased, he found, had crawled out for some 400 yards and had been picked up by a cart and taken to hospital, where he died.

YOUNG WIDOW'S ORDEAL.

In another case a witness—a young woman with her arm in a sling—was led into court by a friend and gave her name as Alice Clarke.

On Friday, she said, she was in the kitchen nursing her eighteen-months-old child when she heard the explosion.

"The house fell down on me. I rescued the baby from the debris and took it to a hospital, where both of us were attended to. The baby died on Sunday. My husband was in the house and he was dug out of the ruins yesterday."

Whilst giving evidence the witness collapsed and was carried from court in a swoon. Out in the corridor a pitiful scene was witnessed.

The young widow, who had lost her husband and her only child, wept and moaned and appeared in an utter state of collapse.

Mrs. Emily James Mason identified the body of John Thomas Mason, her nineteen-year-old son, whom she sent at half-past six on Friday night with his ten-year-old sister to pay the coal club.

Mr. Lloyd George's Visit.—The Prime Minister on his visit to the scene of the disaster took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Will Crooks, and subsequently visited the local infirmary, where a number of the injured had been taken. Mr. Lloyd George was accompanied by Mrs. Lloyd George and other members of his family.

Positions of Insurance Companies.—The liability of the insurance companies is being much discussed in insurance circles.

Ordinary fire policies distinctly state that the companies are not responsible for loss occasioned by an explosion caused by a fire.

There is a famine in window glass as a consequence of the explosion.

Thousands of square yards of both plate and window glass were smashed by the concussion.

There is not a street within a four-mile radius of the actual scene of the disaster which has escaped such damage, and windows were broken even eight miles away.

A whole army of glaziers were busy repairing the havoc yesterday.

You can safely say that we have never been so busy in our lives," said one to *The Daily Mirror*.

"The glass damage caused by the worst of the Zeppelin raids was not nearly so extensive as after this munitions explosion."

AID FOR SUFFERERS.

Wonderful Organisation for Relief of Explosion Victims.

FOOD AND MONEY FOR ALL.

The homeless, the men who have lost wives, the women who have lost husbands, and children who have lost parents, are among the bravest concerned in the explosion.

At one hall, where hundreds of the homeless are finding rest, relief and advice, all day long men and women whose homes are no more were yesterday congratulating and comforting each other on their own lucky escapes.

There was a spirit of resignation among the sufferers that was really heroic.

"It has been ghastly and frightful; it is all terribly tragic, but that is war, I suppose," said a woman of perhaps thirty-five philosophically. She was waiting in the relief hall, hoping against hope that some news might be coming in of two or her four children who were missing and presumably were among those who had met an awful fate.

Plentiful supplies of bedding and blankets have been secured. There is an abundance of food, and everything possible is done to comfort and relieve the anxiety of the distressed sufferers until they are able to rejoin relatives and friends.

Special cards were being distributed yesterday to various local centres, on which sufferers could make application in simple form for monetary relief.

The *Daily Mirror* understands ample money is available for this purpose though no public appeal for funds has yet been decided upon.

THE STATE TO PAY.

Ministry of Munitions to Meet Claims for Compensation.

The Ministry of Munitions will meet any claims made for personal injury and damage to property.

Thus declared Mr. Gordon Brown, on behalf of the Ministry, at a second inquest opened yesterday on fifty-five victims of the disaster.

The Mayor said that everything that was possible had been done to house the homeless. As far as they were aware every homeless man, woman and child had been put under cover and given food.

It was quite possible the number of homeless would reach 1,000.

Mr. Oxley (on behalf of the Local Government Board) expressed the sincere sympathy of the President with the sufferers in the calamity.

At the request of the Prime Minister and Minister of Munitions, the Local Government Board would undertake to supervise and assist in the necessary relief.

GIRL WHO HELD UP ARMY.

Opened Canal Sluice-Gates Under Fire of Germans.

PARIS, Monday.—How a young French girl—Marcelle Semmer—held up a German army corps by opening the sluice-gates of a canal near the Somme was told at the Sorbonne yesterday, when she was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honour.

During the retreat in August, 1914, after the French had crossed the Somme, this act of heroism was carried out under fire.

As a result the enemy army corps was held up until the following morning.

Later, when caught by the enemy in the act of feeding a French soldier hidden in a thicket, she was condemned to death.

I am an orphan, and have but one mother—France! Do with me what you want," she shouted defiantly on the point of being executed, but a rifle from French artillery dispersed the Germans and she was rescued.

WANTED—34,000 GIRLS PER MONTH.

Dr. Addison's Demand for Munitionettes.

SHELLVILLE-BY-TH-SEA.

"Thirty-four thousand more women per month," said Dr. Addison, the Minister of Munitions, at the Mansion House yesterday, "are needed, in addition to the numbers—already over half a million—engaged on making munitions."

He was glad to say the numbers of women and girls—for there was need of them—were daily increasing.

In some of the large factories at least a thousand additional women were needed in each.

Referring to the great progress that had been made, Dr. Addison instanced the case of a new town of about 8,000 inhabitants which was formerly a piece of waste land by the sea.

He made an earnest appeal for support for Women's Day in order that a substantial sum might be raised to carry on the Y.W.C.A. work amongst munition workers.

BRAVE MUNITIONS GIRLS.

The Lord Mayor said the Y.W.C.A. had established a number of hostels and canteens to provide healthy and wholesome recreation and comfort for the benefit of the large number of women and girls employed in munition factories and engaged on other kinds of war work.

The whole question of the part which women were playing in the national work had been vividly brought before our eyes by the terrible explosion of last week.

On that occasion the bravery and heroism of the workgirls were bright features in a tragic record, and showed the splendid pluck which women were capable of in times of difficulty and danger.

Lord Sydenham said we owed it in a great measure to the work of those women that our splendid troops were sent longer at a great inferiority in artillery and shells, and it was largely by the aid of our women that we had been able to strike the great blow at the enemy on the Somme from which he had not yet recovered and from which he (Lord Sydenham) thought he would never recover.

Mr. Balfour, the Foreign Secretary, and General Sir W. Robertson sent letters stating that the fund must appeal to all who realised the splendid manner in which women munition workers were helping in the war.

WOMEN TO KEEP MEN'S JOBS.

The president of the Women's Labour League stated in Manchester yesterday that of 3,000 women who were asked if they would return to their old work after the war or stay where they were 2,500 answered they would stay where they were.

WAR LOAN FOR SOLDIERS.

Applications Will Be Received Up Till February 16.

Soldiers are to be encouraged to invest in the War Loan.

To give them every opportunity to place their money at the disposal of the State special arrangements have been made through the regimental paymasters, and applications should be made on Army Form W. 5273.

In the case of soldiers abroad applications dated later than February 16 will be accepted, but they must be made within a fortnight of the receipt by the officer commanding of this Army Order.

Yesterday's subscriptions to the loan included the following:

W. A. Massey and Co., Ltd., shipowners and Belgian Consuls, of Hull, £35,000.

White Star Line, £2,000,000 (£1,650,000 new money).

Dominion Line, £100,000 (new money).

Birmingham Small Arms and Daimler Companies, £500,000 (£450,000 new money).

Law Union and Rock Insurance Company, Ltd., over £2,000,000.

The committee desire it to be known that the lists will be definitely closed on February 16.

ARMY DIVORCE DRAMA.

While John Edmund Lord, an Army officer, was away from home serving his country, said Mr. Justice Low in the Divorce Court yesterday, his friend, C. W. Simpson, of Longhurst, Wigan, formed a liaison with his (the officer's) wife.

In granting a decree nisi on the ground of Simpson's misconduct with Mrs. Lord, the Judge said:

"Petitioner led a happy life with his wife before the war broke out. Afterwards his friend, the co-respondent, a man over military age, took advantage of his absence, with the result that the present proceedings were brought."



Boy scouts helped to collect the debris after the explosion. — ("Daily Mirror" photograph).

BOYS OF 18 CALLED UP—ORDER BY WAR CABINET

British Make Fine Progress with Encircling Move in East Africa—Foe's Retreat.

BERLIN ON BRITISH ATTACK NEAR LENS.

French Defeat German Onslaught at Verdun—Our Airmen Bomb Munition Factory at Bagdad.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—

HOME.—Boys of eighteen are called up, and may report at once. They are to be trained and employed in home defence until they are nineteen years of age.

BOMBS ON BAGDAD.—British aeroplanes in a raid over Bagdad dropped six 100lb.

EAST AFRICA.—Considerable progress has been made in this theatre. On all sides the enemy, after hard fighting, have been forced back, and are now in hurried retreat.

WESTERN FRONT.—Two attempted German raids against the British lines failed. Our big guns caused an explosion in the enemy's line opposite Arras.

BRITISH BOMBS DROPPED ON BAGDAD.

Six 100lb. Packets of Explosives Shed on Munition Factory.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

Mesopotamia.—On the 20th inst. our aeroplanes carried out a raid on the Turkish munition factory situated in the citadel at Bagdad.



Six 100lb. bombs were dropped in and around the factory.

FAILURE OF TWO GERMAN RAIDS IN WEST.

Successful British Patrol and Bombing Encounters—Our Heavy Guns Busy.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

8.25 P.M.—An enemy raid attempted yesterday evening north of Arras failed with loss without entering our trenches. This evening another attempt against our trenches north-east of Ploegsteert Wood was also unsuccessful.

We secured some prisoners last night and today as the result of patrol and bombing encounters in the neighbourhood of Grandcourt, Neuville St. Vaast, Fauquissart and Wytschaete.

Artillery activity on both sides has taken place during the day north of the Somme and in the neighbourhood of Serre and Ploegsteert. Opposite Arras our heavy artillery caused an explosion in the enemy's lines.—Central News.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

On the right bank of the Meuse, after a violent bombardment, the Germans yesterday evening attacked our trenches to the north of the Caurieres Wood.

The fire of our artillery and machine guns twice broke the enemy attacks. The whole of our line was held.

There was active artillery fire during the night in the sector of Pepper Hill.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Near Lens a weak British attack was beaten off in hand-to-hand fighting.

Near Bezouvaux and east of Pont-a-Mousson reconnoitring units brought back several Frenchmen and machine guns after brief attacks on the enemy positions.

ATHENS' 'FRIENDLY TONE.'

ATHENS, Saturday.—The Press is adopting a friendly tone towards the Entente, and Sir Francis Eliot's communication to the Government today regarding the restitution to Greece of Kichyra Island and his Excellency's explanations regarding the chartering of Greek merchantmen have created a good impression.

RAIDER'S PRIZE REACHES A GERMAN PORT.

Mr. Gerard Reports Arrival of Yarrowdale with 469 Prisoners on Board.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Mr. Gerard, the United States Ambassador at Berlin has formally reported the arrival of the Yarrowdale at a German port.

Four hundred and sixty-nine prisoners, including 103 neutrals, were on board, but no mention is made of the presence of any Americans.—Exchange.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Sunday.—The Government has decided to send out, in addition to the Deodoro, the scout Rio Grande-du-Sul, which will cruise between the Island of Fernando Noronha and Pernambuco, while the Deodoro will cruise between the port of Natal (north of Pernambuco) and Fernando Noronha (in the Atlantic, north-north-west of Pernambuco), thus providing an effective naval surveillance of the triangle formed by these three points. The two vessels sail north on Tuesday.

INTERNED CREW'S DASH.

The Notice states that a hundred sailors of the German gunboat Eber, which is interned at Bahia, embarked on the Swedish vessel Sainte Croix, which left Rio four days ago, with the object of meeting the raider on the high seas and transferring the sailors to her.

The same journal states that a member of its staff has inspected the German steamer Hohenstaufen, lying in Rio Harbour, and found that she was taking provisions and water on board and had steam up.

Both this vessel and the Cap Roca appear to be preparing to leave.

The Notice reports that on the receipt of the news of the raider's doings there were Germanophili demonstrations on board the Spanish steamer Leon XIII. and that a number of the passengers protested.—Reuter.

GERMANS SEEN RUNNING FROM THEIR TRENCHES.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.) Western Front.—About three o'clock in the morning of January 21 the Germans, about two companies strong, attempted to advance on the section south of the village of Darov (on the River Shara), south-east of Baranovitchi, but on being stopped by our fire they retired to their entrenchments.

In the Kovol direction the enemy by strong artillery and mine-thruster fire bombarded our position on the Rudka-Mirinskia-Velik front. After this bombardment the enemy assumed the offensive with small detachments, and entered our trenches.

By the arrival of our reserves the enemy was promptly driven out and our position again restored.

In the region of Svidniki near the Rojitch-Kovol railway and in the region of Stary-Messor our artillery conducted an intense fire on the enemy's barbed-wire entrenchments.

It was observed that the enemy was running from the first line of trenches into the second, and was assembling small groups of reserves.

Austrian.—Vienna claims that east of Nieclia (Volhynia) the Russians were surprised in their trenches and that one officer and 109 men were taken prisoners.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of Prince Leopold.—West of Frederichstadt Russian raiding units attacking during the night were repulsed.—Reuter.

While superintending the dispatch of a troop train at Toronto Brigadier-General W. C. Macdonald was run over and killed by a locomotive, says an Ottawa message.



A horn used in a French trench to give warning of a gas attack.

ROUNDING UP GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.

Enemy Dispersed and Driven Back on All Fronts—Prisoners Taken.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

Telegraphing on January 20, the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, East Africa, reports that considerable progress has been made by all the columns engaged in the encircling movement on the Lower Rufiji River and delta.

From north and south our troops have entered the delta near Pemba and at Mohoro respectively. Further west a strong enemy force, dislodged from the area north of the delta, was located by aeroplane on the south bank of the river near Mpanganya (thirty-eight miles upstream from Mohoro).

Still further west our troops, who effected a crossing under circumstances of much difficulty near Kibambawe, are moving east and south in pursuit of enemy detachments.

At Nyakishi (east of Kibambawe) the enemy abandoned a hospital in which were sixteen whites and 200 natives, mostly wounded.

FOE IN HURRIED RETREAT.

South of Kibambawe, on the tracks leading south towards Madaba and Kitope, the enemy opposed a strong rear guard resistance, but were driven from their positions after fighting which lasted all day, and are now in hurried retreat.

The Kitchi Hills are being cleared by our forces advancing from Kilwa, the enemy in this direction being forced to move north in order to gain the tracks leading southwards to their general line of retirement.

In the western area Brigadier-General Northey's columns have driven the enemy from the high ground east of Lupembe, and are pursuing towards Mahenge.

Another column, pushing south-east in pursuit of an enemy detachment which had turned south, seized the bridge over the Rududje River at Malawi's, and engaged the retreating enemy force at Ifinga, co-operating with a third column advancing northwards from Songea.

PEACE PROBLEM ADDRESS BY MR. WILSON.

All Foreign Governments Informed—Special Message to the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—President Wilson will address the Senate in person at one o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. Marshall read to the Senate the following communication from the President:—

"There is a communication concerning the foreign relations of the country which I think it my duty to make to the Senate, and which I think every man who takes an interest in the members of the Senate point out that no President since Washington's time has ever addressed the Senate alone.

It is suggested that Mr. Wilson will deal with the rapid changes which are occurring as the result of the renewal of German submarine warfare activity and the British policy of arming merchantmen.—Central News.

The contents of President Wilson's address, which, according to Mr. Tamm, the President's secretary, relate to the attitude of the United States towards the problem of the permanent maintenance of peace, are understood to have been placed in the hands of all foreign Governments.—Reuter.

BERLIN'S REPORTED OFFER TO RUSSIA.

PARIS, Monday.—M. Hanotaux has an article in the *Figaro* on the future of Turkey, a nation which Mr. Balfour, expressing as he considers the opinion of the whole world, demanded should be eliminated from Europe.

The writer says: "Germany, it is stated, had voluntarily offered Constantinople to Russia in order to obtain a separate peace." The idea, he concludes, therefore originated with the friends of the Turks.—Reuter.

LADS TO BE TRAINED FOR HOME DEFENCE.

Immediate Proclamation—May Report at Once.

CHANCE FOR TANKS.

OFFICIAL.

The Secretary of the War Office last night made the following announcement:—

The War Cabinet has instructed the Secretary of State for War to call up for military service all lads as, and when, they attain the age of eighteen years instead of as at present eighteen years and seven months.

The necessary proclamation will be issued immediately.

It is not to be understood that this implies any departure from the present arrangements whereby no man is sent overseas until he has attained the age of nineteen.

UNTIL AGE OF 19.

The decision is to call up all lads as, and when, they attain the age of eighteen years, to train them and to employ them in home defence until they reach the age of nineteen.

By doing this it will be possible to reduce the requirements for men of more mature years who are fit only for one or other of the lower military categories.

All lads born in 1898 and in January, 1899, who are still in civil life, may report at once at the recruiting office in which they are registered.

In any case, they will be required to report in accordance with the proclamation which is

ELEVEN SHIPS SUNK.

Lloyd's reported yesterday that the following vessels had been sunk:—

Mohacsfield (British), 3,678 tons.
Kisagata Maru No. 3 (Japanese), 2,588 tons.
Jotunfield (Norwegian), 2,492 tons.
Baron Semphill (British), 1,607 tons.
Kamma (Swedish), 1,516 tons.
Standard (Danish schooner), 217 tons.

Intimation was also received that the following ships had been sunk on various dates during the month:—

Matena (British), 3,870 tons.
Tofwood (British), 3,082 tons.
Carlyle (British), 460 tons.
Port Nicholson.
Lonclara.

about to be issued, subject always to the Regulations under the Military Service Acts, 1916, or the Instructions relating to attested men, as the case may be.

The only lads as a class who should not in the meantime report are those who have passed through an apprenticeship in one or other of the skilled engineering trades and who are fully engaged on war work, in the shipyards or munition factories. Such lads should remain at their work.

Others who have passed through an apprenticeship as above, but who are not fully engaged on war work in the shipyards or munition factories, may report to their recruiting office and request to be trade-tested for posting as artificers.

There are vacancies for such lads in the following corps:—

Royal Regiment of Artillery; Royal Engineers; Royal Flying Corps; Machine Gun Corps; Heavy Section (Tanks); Army Service Corps; Army Ordnance Corps.

GERMAN BOYS CALLED UP.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—According to the *Lokale Anzeiger*, the Berlin military authorities announce that all young men born in 1899 must report for military registration.—Reuter.

FIGHTING IN RUMANIA.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of the Archduke Joseph.—In the Eastern Carpathians fighting, ending in our favour, took place at many points.

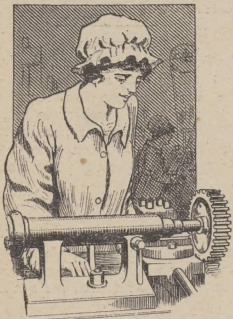
Army Group of von Mackensen.—West of Putna an enemy company which attacked our positions on the Putna was beaten back.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Rumanian Front.—The enemy's attempts to advance in the valley of the River Otuz were arrested by our fire. On the rest of the front there was exchange of fire.

Black Sea.—One of our submarines sank an enemy steamer and nine schooners near the Bosphorus.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

WAR-WORK & YOUR COMPLEXION



Give Your Skin an "Oxygen Bath"

If you are engaged in war-work you need Ven-Yusa Face Cream all the more to preserve the soft clearness of your skin and prevent injury to your complexion.

A few touches of Ven-Yusa after the morning wash protects the face from the cold weather and shields the skin during working hours from the grit and grime of factory or farm.

Women war-workers know from personal experience that no other toilet preparation can be so refreshing or so beneficial.

Ven-Yusa is the only toilet cream that actually affords the skin a real beautifying "oxygen bath."



Beauty Secret FREE

A dainty free sample jar of Ven-Yusa, and an interesting Booklet of Beauty Hints, will be sent to every person who posts this Coupon and three penny stamps to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

"Daily Mirror," 23/17.

ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



Natives landing a hippopotamus, which weighed about two and a half tons.



The monkey and his friend the baby ostrich.

The adventures of the Macklin expedition in Central Africa were shown on the "screen" at the Coronet Theatre yesterday under the title of "Among the Big Game in Wildest Africa." Several hippopotami were found on the Dinder River, 1,800 miles from Cairo.

LIEUTENANT AND SEVEN MEN MISSING.



Pte. Baskefield (Royal Fusiliers). Write to 44, Stoke-road, Shelton, near Stoke-on-Trent.



Pte. H. Reynolds (Wiltshire Regt.). Write to Mrs. Reynolds, 2, Scotland-road, Melksham, Wilts.



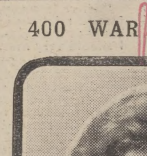
Lt. F. N. Verran (Wiltshire Regt.). Write to Mrs. A. Verran, at Tresamble, Camberley.



Pte. A. H. Waldron (Wiltshire Regt.). Write to Gipsy Lodge, Amdwell, near Malmesbury.



Pte. John K. Wilson, wounded and missing. Write to Mrs. Wilson, 22, Viewforth, Edinburgh.



Lee. Cpl. F. Winter (East Surreys). Write to T. W. Weeks, Wandsworth, London, S.W.



Cpl. A. T. Weeks (Oxford and Bucks L.I.). Write to T. W. Weeks, 103, Castle-street, Battersea.



Pte. William Tom Rowley (Welsh Regt.). Write to Mrs. Brown, at Rupert-street, Nechells.



Miss Nina Oldfield, a direct descendant of Nance Oldfield, now understudying Miss Mary Glynn at the St. James' Theatre. She has appeared at 400 charity concerts. (Elwin Nance.)

STOP DANDRUFF! HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL.

Spend a Shilling! Dandruff vanishes and hair stops coming out.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff, is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all chemists sell and recommend it (1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d.—no increase in price), apply a little as directed, and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp. Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. (Advt.)

THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS.

Customers are advised that business has been resumed as usual at the above Works.

JOHN KNIGHT, LIMITED,
City Office,
4, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

SHE DARKENED HER GREY HAIR.

A Society Lady Darkened Her Grey Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process.

SHE TELLS HOW SHE DID IT.

A well-known society lady, who darkened her grey hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half-pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum and 1 small box of Orlex Compound. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently. This mixture relieves itching and is excellent for dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look 10 to 20 years younger." (Advt.)

ENLARGEMENTS

FOR SOLDIERS, SAILORS & CIVILIANS
LIFE 1/9 SIZE
for only Post Paid
WITH FREE COLOURED MINIATURE

Owing to the increased cost of materials, the present price of Enlargement is 1/9, with FREE Miniature.

Send us your photo with P.O. for 1/9, with 1d. stamp extra for the prompt return of your original photo un-injured, and in 14 days we will forward you one of our famous Monochrome Enlargements, 20 x 16, unmounted and hand-colored MINIATURE FREE. Your Soldier or Sailor friends will appreciate a dainty miniature portrait, as a keepsake. Miniatures 1/1 each or 5/6 half dozen. We guarantee satisfaction or money returned.

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EYES THAT ACHE



If your eyes ache it proves something is wrong, and they require immediate attention. Send for handbook, "How to preserve the eyesight." Relates the history of Singapore Eye Ointment, that famous old English remedy that has been curing eye troubles from 1806. Worth millions of healing! The eyes are sore, watery or inflamed, or if you are troubled with styes, ulcers, or redness, or weakness after reading. Used by British soldiers in the trenches. Of all chemists, 2s. 3d. But it must be SINGAPORE. Do not free 2s. 6d. Postage abroad extra. To obtain book free mention D.M., and send to S. GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London.

GETTING READY FOR THE OTHER WAR.

THE sixteenth annual conference of the Labour Party opens in Manchester to-day, and it is to discuss, amidst the din of the biggest war in history, the heads and conditions of the other war—industrial warfare—that was growing grave enough before the guns went off, and that, to judge by the agenda before the conference this week, will be graver still in days to come.

We cannot, in a very short space, so much as mention the chief points in the immense revolution desired by the Labour Party.

Their demand for a formulated plan, made now, made without delay, for demobilising the armies and disbanding the millions of national workers is a perfectly sound one: the enormous task cannot be botched and approached by compromise and improvisation. The Labour Party are fortunately not content to indicate what should be done; they give hints as to how to do it—by a National Trade Union scattered in local branches all over the kingdom.

Meanwhile the "restoration of trade union conditions," shown, by a recent series of articles in *The Times*, to be literally impossible, is loudly insisted upon; and you have further a vast programme for the nationalisation of practically everything, for land reform, for an income tax on large incomes amounting to confiscation of them, for "conscription of accumulated wealth," for adult and female suffrage, and for all the experiments and projects the Labour Party takes for new—projects and experiments suggested or actually practised, most of them, by our brave French friends in 1848, before a confusion of socialistic gymnastics gave place to a modified despotism.

It would, we repeat, need pages of comment! For the moment, let us only point out that the agenda says nothing, unless we are mistaken, about control of drink and the drink traffic, and that its demands repose mainly on two ancient propositions or suppositions, or, if you like, illusions:—

1. That there is ample food and comfort to go round to all in abundance if only you dig up the ground everywhere and take away the money of the rich.

2. That such money of the rich—"accumulated wealth"—is lying in heaps of gold, in bags, in banks, and can, without harming anybody, even its owners, be extracted from the banks and the bags and given to everybody all round, so that everybody may have at least 80s. a week.

Nothing about the relation between population and food supply, nothing about the declining productivity of much-cultivated lands, nothing about the post-war need for mobile capital. The huge suppositions that we can feed our own people in abundance if we knock out the landlord, the vast dream that Nature is on our side, and that if we all multiply prodigiously and demand 80s. a week at least, we shall all immediately get it, provided the Squire's park be sown with potatoes, red-brick cottages planted everywhere, and the idle gold lying in banks chucked about as fructifying seed.

Well, well!—it means, anyhow, that we're not downhearted. We're planning for the other war with a better array of weapons and illusions than any we had ready for immediate use in August, 1914, when the old world went up into the air, like the fragments of that factory on Friday night.

W. M.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Let dew the flowers fill;
 No need of fell despair,
 Though to the grave you bear
 One still of soul—but now too still,
 One fair—but now too fair.
 For, beneath your feet, the mound,
 And the waves, that play around,
 Have meaning in their grassy, and their watery,
 smiles:
 And, with a thousand sunny wiles,
 Each says, as he reposes,
 Death's arrow off is Love's.
 THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

IN THE CRUCIBLE OF A GREAT WAR.

WHAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT MY SERVANT.

By VERNON BARTLETT.

"NOBBY" was a little Cockney who became my batman, or servant. He took complete control of my privy purse, did all my shopping, and haggled over my every halfpenny with as much energy as if it were his own.

Then, when he had served me for over six months, I overheard him recounting his prison life, and I discovered that he had been a pilferer and pickpocket well known by every London magistrate. In his rare periods out of gaol he would hover around the stations, touch a bedraggled cap with a filthy finger, and say "Kerry yer bag, sir?" in a

yer, 'as I, sir?" he whispered, and his dimming eyes looked appealingly into mine. And when "Nobby" Clarke, one-time pickpocket and loafer, passed away, I am not ashamed to confess that my own eyes were wet.

He was only one of many was "Nobby" Clarke.

There was a tramp who was always ready with a song to cheer up the weary; there was a man who had been convicted of manslaughter, and who was killed while trying to rescue a friend; there was Phillips, bag-snatcher and stretcher-bearer, who was as gentle and patient with the wounded as a nursing sister.

"SIMPLY GRAND."

If you ask any officer of any regiment what he thinks of his men you are certain before long to get his answer. "The men," he says, "they're simply grand," and he has to stop there because he finds no words that will tell of them. And of these "grand men" there

WILL ANYTHING KEEP ONE FROM COLDS?



Not in this weather! Our cartoonist claims to have followed every form of advice. It is no good. The awful weather wins.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

threatening voice to all passers-by. This was his most praiseworthy work, but his real income came from less honest and more dangerous sources.

And yet he served me better than I have ever been served before or since, and I have seldom been more sorry than I was when "Nobby" Clarke got hit!

As we were tying him up—he had been wounded in eight places by a rifle grenade—he signed to me and I stooped over him. "I ain't got no one at 'ome as cares fer me," he said, "so yer might 'and me things round to the blokes 'ere. I've got a photo of me wife wot died six years ago in me pay book, and I'd like yer ter keep it, sir, jes' ter remind yer of me."

Then, his voice becoming feebler every minute, "I ain't been sech a bad servant ter

are many who, before the war, were shunned as undesirable.

It is not that our ideas of greatness have degenerated; it is not that war is entirely a thing of evil, so that the criminal shines as a warrior—it is that these "undesirables" have changed. Statistics prove that crime has decreased in England in the last two years, and it will continue to decrease, for that indefinable instinct we call patriotism has seized on all classes alike, so that the criminal can make the supreme sacrifice just as magnificently as the man who has "kept straight" all his life.

And the best of it is that this reform among burglars and beggars will not be merely a temporary change. There is an Italian proverb, "Tutto il mondo è paese," which means, in its broadest sense, "All the world is alike, and ruled by the same qualities and passions."

THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

A PLEA FOR BETTER HOUSING FOR THE EAST END WORKERS.

AN END OF MEAN STREETS?

I WRITE about one aspect of the terrible explosion which shook all London with its violent menace. It shook even the comfortable people in their cosy houses far away from the crowded factory districts.

But what of the pitiful little houses pressed round the great factory? Those teeming streets described in the papers as "low-class property"? What of that "mean little thoroughfare" reduced to a heap of bricks?

Kind offers of help are pouring in for the obvious and more immediate wants of the stricken people. No sympathy can be too great for such a calamity, but it must be constructive. The shock should waken us up to know the very real existence of great tracts of this type of "property," where our fellow-citizens equally, if not more practically, patriotic take unwilling shelter. Let us compel good out of evil. This awful tragedy has laid the ground as bare as in those hard-won towns of France; the way is terribly clear, and much can be done now without injuring those unfortunate persons whose livelihood depends on this type of property.

Let us see to it that more solidly-built houses replace these poor devastated hovels.

Do not let us avoid this question by saying "they like it so." They do not; they all long for better things; everyone has had aspirations "to get a nice little home together," but the vision grows more unattainable as the children come.

A. M. CUST.

NUMBERS AND GENERALSHIP.

I HAVE just read W.M.'s excellent little article on the need for good generalship rather than numbers.

But's he not a little, I feel sure quite unintentionally, unfair on the "dog-out"—an objectionable name in itself—who may have been, and often is, a distinguished member of the Staff College, and a most excellent officer in every respect, the only thing against him being that he left the Army before the war began?

There are, of course, "dog-outs" and "dog-outs," but to brand them all as necessary inferior soldiers is unfair. R. L. SYMONS.

7, Chester-square.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 22.—A raspberry planter may be at this season of open weather. The ground should be deeply dug and enriched. Plant the canes a foot apart, in rows four feet apart, in rows four feet apart. Fruit must be expected this autumn, indeed, it is best to shoot almost immediately after planting in order to induce the formation of strong growths. If possible, raspberries should be grown in a position remains moist during winter.

Finish the planing, pruning, and dressing without delay, or dress fruit border.

In the old days it needed a Dickens or a Neil Lyons to discover the quality of the criminal; to-day, war has brought together—the erstwhile city merchant himself at the same brazier as the would-be picked his pocket three—and we suddenly find that we are not the beggar, and that the man apples from a cat is no worse in his preacher or the man who has been snatched from our own bands; it has brought untold suffering, pain, but it has given to the very chance that they have never had before.

A THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW.

Whatever the wretched anxious that they are ready to believe.—See

OUR SUCCESSFUL NEW OFFENSIVE.



Turkish officers, who are among the thousands of prisoners we have made during our successful offensive in Mesopotamia. Our forces, says the last report, are getting closer to Kut-el-Amara.

MR. W. W. JACOBS ACTS IN A "G. B. S." PLAY.



Making up. Mr. Jacobs is seen in the centre.



Captain Bluntschli (Mr. J. C. Ledward) and Raina (Miss Inez Ferguson).

W. Jacobs, the famous writer of humorous sea tales, assisted the members of Court O.T.C. to produce Mr. G. B. Shaw's "Arms and the Man" for the first of a V.A.D. hospital, and appeared in the part of Nickola. Sergeant Page Rowe painted the scenery.

FATAL WOUNDS



Col. - Sgt. Alfred La C. Evans (Canadian Force), who has died of wounds at Bradford.

THE GIRL ON THE TAXI.



Mrs. Butler, who has been granted a licence to drive a taxicab at Birmingham. She is seen overhauling her engine.

ARMOUR MADE WITH PETR



Private Upcher as a minstrel.—(Official photograph.)



The Queen and minstrel.—(Official.)

Private J. Reid, who in private life is a sculptor of re wrote the play to amuse the patients

OFFICERS DECORATED SEAMAN



2nd Lieut. H. F. Dann (East Yorkshire Regt.), who has been awarded the Military Cross.



Ldg. Seaman George Dann, rescued from the Cornwallis. He was on another lost ship.

INS AND A DISHCLOTH.

CHAFF EN ROUTE FOR THE FRONT.



Private Reid a comic knight.—(Official photograph.)



General, the hero.—(Official.)

Private Upcher, both of the R.A.M.C., at the new year.

FROM LOST SHIP.



Wild, twice awarded M.C. for a rescue work on the sea.



2nd Lieut. R. G. Fontern, awarded M.C. for a rescue under fire. His parents are Belgians.

"GOING, GOING, GONE!"



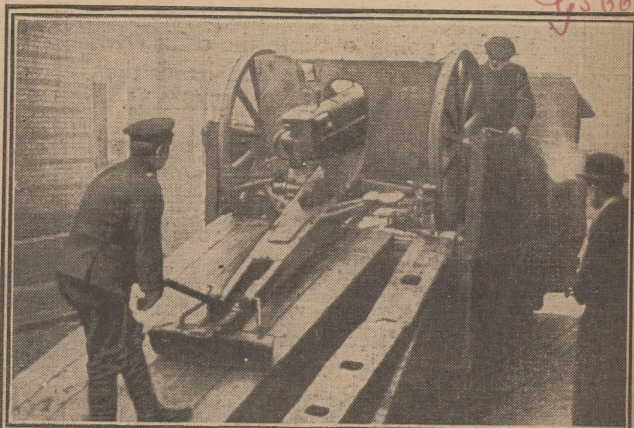
Mrs. Lilian G. Matthews, the first woman in Essex to become a licensed auctioneer. She is filling her brother's place.

PILOT, KILLED



Lieut. Claud A. Felix Brown, R.F.C., killed. He served in Flanders and Gallipoli.

A PROPERTY FOR A CHARITY MATINEE.



Dwellers in Bedfordbury are used to seeing strange devices arrive at the Coliseum stage door. But even these blasé people were interested when the captured German gun for the Kitchener matinee came round the corner from Chandos-street.

SOLDIERS BUILT HUT FOR WOMEN WAR WORKERS



These women, who make and repair chaff sacks for the Forage Department of A.S.C., generally work in the open air, but when it is cold they go inside the straw which the soldiers have built for them.



The final touch is Icilma

Before going out into the cold, raw air, just give your face and hands the final touch with ICILMA CREAM.

A single trial is enough to show how delightfully soft, smooth and supple it will make your skin. Besides, it is an *absolute safeguard* against roughness, redness or chafing.

Icilma Cream is world-famous because, no matter what you pay, you cannot get a better and purer toilet cream in the whole world.

Perfectly pure and All-British, Icilma Cream is actually the only toilet cream—British or Foreign—containing Icilma Natural Water which stimulates the skin to beauty.

It has a quaint, distinctive fragrance and is entirely non-greasy. *Use it daily and look your best.*

Icilma

Cream

(Guaranteed not to grow Hair).

Price as usual, 1/- everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

ICILMA CO., LTD.,

37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

RECORD DEMAND FOR THIS 4-FOLD NEW YEAR GIFT OF HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY FOR ALL.

1,000,000 'Harlene Hair-Drill' Outfits FREE.

THE New Year demand for Mr. Edwards' great 4-Fold gift of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit has beaten all records. If you wish to be in time to participate in this Great Offer of Hair Health and Beauty, you must send in your application at once. To make doubly sure, POST THE FREE GIFT COUPON TO-DAY.

and you will receive by return:-
1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food and Dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvelous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for Hair-Drill.
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be dry.
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual giving complete instructions for this two-minutes-a-day hair-growing exercise.

No simpler, quicker or more effective method of overcoming all hair troubles, and growing a really fine head of luxuriant and beautiful hair has yet been discovered. It only takes up 2 minutes a day, and thousands are already praising it to their hair-benefit throughout the world. It quickly banishes Dandruff, overcomes Scalp Irritation, restores Greasy, Lustreless and Brittle Hair to health, strength and beauty, thickens the growth and enriches the colour of your hair, prevents hair from falling and conquers Partial or Total Baldness. You can try this wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, except for the trifling expense of 4 penny stamps to cover cost of postage to your address. After only seven days' Trial you will be perfectly delighted with the results. The daily scalp massage not only increases the nutrition of the hair-roots, but it has a deliciously refreshing effect on tired brains and nerves. If you suffer from any hair defect, write at once for one of these Free Trial Outfits. Do not delay in applying, as there is certain to be an especially great demand this month. Once you have tried you will continue to use it always, for your hair's sake.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. A New Musical Comedy, "HIGH JINKS." Tonight, 8.15. Weds. and Thurs. 8.15. MARY BLANCHET, W. H. BERRY, NELLIE TAYLOR. Box-office, 10 to 10. To day, 2.30 and 8.15.
ALDWIN. GRAND OPERA SEASON. Tonight, 8. SAMSON AND DELILA. Wed. 7.30. LOUISE. Thurs. 8. TALENTED MR. RYAN. Fri. 7.30. MAITIC PLUTTE. Sat. Mat. 2.15. LA BOHEME. Sat. Eve. 7.30. LOUISE. Ger. 2.15.
AMBASSADORS. Nightly, 8.30. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. "THE NEW FELL MELOD." Dipsia, Morton, etc.
APOLLO. Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.15. THE PRIVATE SECRETARY. Popular Prices. Ger. 2.30.
COMEDY. Andre Charlott's musical show, "SEESAW," with John Humphries and English Monarchs. Evenings, 8.15. Matinee, Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15. Ger. 8.15.
COURT. Followed by WHERE IS HE? THE AMAZONS. Miss Herminia's Season. (Last Week) DAILY, at 2.15. EVENINGS, Wed., Thurs., Sat., 7.30.
CRITERION. 8.30. M-ts, Weds, Thurs, Sat., 2.30. A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. (2nd Year)
DALYS. (Ger. 2.30) YOUNG ENGLAND, THE GEORGE EDWARDS and ROBERT COOTE, 10 to 10. NIGHTLY, at 8. MATS, Mon., Weds, Sat., at 2.
DRURY LANE. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. ROBERT HALL, WILL EVANS, STANLEY LIPPINO, FLORENCE SMITHSON and MADIE TITTERGAARD. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 2.58.
DUKE OF YORKS. Bene Kelly, C. Aubrey Smith, Fay Davies. DAILY, 2.30. EVENINGS, Weds, Thurs, Fri., Sat., 8.15. GAIETY. Nightly, at 8. THE WIDOW'S MIGHT. Matinee Weds, Sat., 2.15. Leslie Benson, Austin Melford, Day Burnaby, Henri Leon, Neddie, Julia James, Madge Saunders, Peggy Kurton, Adrah Fay.
GARRICK. "THE GIRL FROM CIROS." EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS, WEDS, SATS, 2.30. GLOBE. (Ger. 8.22) TO-DAY, at 2.30. A. E. MATTHEWS and MARY O'NEILL. PEG O' MY HEART, by J. Hartley Manners. Matinee Daily, 2.30 and Wed., Fri., Sat. Evenings, 8.15. MAYMARKET. At 8.30. THE WIDOW'S MIGHT. ELLIS JEFFRIES and LEONARD BOYNE. 8. POSTAL ORDERS. Mats, Wed., Thurs., at 2.30. HIS MAJESTY. CHU CHIN CHOW. Every Evening, at 8. A MUSICAL TALE OF THE EAST. Told by Oscar Asche. Music by Frederic Norton. MATINEES every Wed., Thurs and Sat. 2.30. KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4.02) A KISS FOR CINDERELLA. By J. M. Barrie. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30. EVENINGS, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 8.30. Mr. PERCY HUTCHISON. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN. VOYEUR PANTOMIME. MOTHER GOOSE. DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30. STRONGEST PANTOMIME Co. in London. Post Office Prices, 5s. to 6d. Seats reserved from 2s. to 8d. Box-office, 10 till 10. 7617-8 Ger.
LYRIC THEATRE. Queen Nares, Dorothy Handell, Cecil Humphreys. EVENINGS, at 8.15. Mats, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. NEW. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30. BY J. M. Barrie. EVENINGS, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7.30. PLAYHOUSE. At 8.30. THE MISLEADING LADY. Gladys Cooper, Malcolm Cherry, Weedon Grossmith. Matinee, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 2.30. PRINCE OF WALES. At 2.30. THE HAPPY FAMILY. THE BEST CHILDREN'S PLAY. (Last 2 Weeks). QUEEN'S. Evenings, 8.15. Ger. 8.15. Mats, Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30. POTASH AND PERKIN. PETER IN SOCIETY. ROYALTY. Daily, 2.45. Evenings, Thurs and Sat., 8.30. HOME ON LEAVE. Dennis Eagle, Marie Lohr. ST. JAMES. will produce NEXT THURSDAY EVENING, at 8. THE DISTORTION, by Louis N. Parker. GEORGE ALEXANDER. GENEVIEVE WARD. ST. MARTIN'S. Evenings, 8.30. C. B. Cochran's production. HOUSE OF GLORIA. Gertie Miller. La Vie Parisienne. Chausseville, Nat. D. Ayer, George Graves. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., 2.30. GERRARD. 1.45 and 8.15. SCALA THEATRE. DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Official British and French Films. BATTLE OF THE ANCRE. ADVANCE OF THE TANKS. CAMOUFLAGE (The French Official), and FRENCH VICTORY AT VERDUN.



When once you have satisfied yourself at no cost of the marvellous efficacy of these splendid toilet preparations it is as well to know that further supplies may be obtained as desired from your local chemist—"Harlene" at 1s. 2s. 6d., or 1s. 6d. per bottle; "Solidified Harlene" for travellers, etc., 2s. 6d. per tin; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 2s. 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 shampoos (single 2d. each).

If you should have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed. Write to-day.

To receive your Free New Year Gift simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon below, and post, with 4 penny stamps for return postage, to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Study your hair and preserve your youthful appearance.

NEW YEAR GIFT COUPON

(For use of Readers of Jan. 23, 1917.)
TO EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED,
20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.
Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free New Year "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. Enclosure 4d. in stamps cost of carriage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
D. Mirror, 28/17.

SAVOY. At 8.15.—THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY, by J. M. Barrie. H. H. IRVING, E. HOLMES, CHAS. FAY COMPTON. Wed. and Sat. Mats, resumed Jan. 31. SAVOY. At 2.30. ALICE IN WONDERLAND. LAST FIVE PERFORMANCES OF THE FINEST PLAY IN TOWN. Phone for BEST Seats. Ger. 3.56/7.
SHAFESBURY. THREE GREENS. Every Evening, at 8.15. Mats, Weds, Thurs and Sat., 2.15. HARRY LAUDER. JETHRO LEVEY. Strand. Every Evening, at 8.15. Matheson Lang in Under Cover. Mats, Thurs and Sat., 2.15. VAUDEVILLE. Evenings, at 8.15. H. Grafton's Revue. LEWIS WHITE. Mats, Weds, Thurs and Sat., 2.15. WYNDHAM'S. Every Evening, at 8.15. Matinee, Weds-days and Saturdays, at 2.15. GERALD DU MAURIER. MABEL RUSSELL. LONDON THEATRE. Jack Edgell. ALHAMBRA. "THE BING BOYS ARE HERE." Last Week. ALFRED LESTER. VIOLET LOHAIN, JACK STARR. Evgs, 8.30. Varieties, 8.15. Mats, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. EMPRESS. Latest musical comedy, "THE MAY 8.30 and 8.30. Albert de Courville's Production. "BAZZIE-DAZZLE." Telephone, Gerard 377. Box-office, 10 to 10. PALACE-VANITY FAIR with REGINE FLORY, ANTHONY GUY, GEORGE HENRI, and BROUDEN MOYA MANNERING, TEDDIE GERARD, STANLEY JENKIN, GINA PALERME, ROY ROYSTON and NELSON KERS. Evgs, at 8. MATS, MON, WED, and SAT, at 2. PALLADIUM, 2.30, 6.10 and 9. EVIE GREENE, BRANSON'S WILLIAM GEO. LARSON, ELLA SHIELDS, MADIE SCOTT, SAM MAYO, WILL KACEY, TORINO, ERNE LOTINGA, W. in "Jimmie Dancer, L.C. POLYTHEATRE, Regen-t. W. in "Jimmie Dancer, L.C. DAILY, at 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30. TANKS. The Mystery and Advance of the Tanks. Popular Prices, 1s. to 5s. Bookable from 2s. MASKED MEN'S BATTLE. St. George's Hall, at 3 and 8. Holiday Programme, including Mr. J. Maskelyne in his inimitable specialties, 1s. to 6s. Children half-price. PHILHARMONIC HALL. G. P. Parnisell, Mr. HERBERT G. PONTING and his famous film, WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. Daily, at 3 and 8. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Tele. Mayfair 3030. YOUNG LIFE CAMPAIGN. Conducted by the BROTHERS WOOD. Jan. 23-29. GUTHRIE, DAILY, 12.15, 2.50, 1.15-1.50. CANNON-ST. HOTEL, NIGHTLY, at 6.30. No meetings Sat. or Sun. Every evening, 1s. to 5s. All meetings 10.00 to 11.00. Detailed Programme on application to Y.L.C. Office, 82, Mortimer-st., W. PERSONAL. BEEN ill, unable write. Leaving here. Understood.—Cherie. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 478, Oxford-st., W. The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 1d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in the Personal Column eight words 6s. 8d. and 10d. per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard, London. DAILY BARGAINS. Dress. FRINGE Nets, full size, 1s. 1d. doz.; liata frock, J. Brodie, 41, Museum-st., London. CENTURY China Bazaar.—Household China, Crockery, Glass at hector prices—plentiful Tea, Toilet Services, from 5s. 6d.; famous Home Outfit, 25s. 6d. complete. Century great stock of China and Crockery for Churches, Schools, Caterers, 150 pieces, 25s. 6d.; splendid mixed Crockery for Bazaars, Shops, Dealers, 21s. 6d.; 50,000 selected customers, including Universities, Churches, send postcard to-day. Complete Catalogue, in colours, Free. Century Pottery, Dept. 632, Burlington, St. Giles. Articles for Disposal. FURNITURE.—Second-hand, large quantity, must sell, regardless of cost; send your time—Burlington, St. Giles, Pentonville-st., King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

THE PHANTOM LOVER

By RUBY
M. AYRES

PEOPLE IN THE STORY

MICKY MELLOWES, a rich bachelor.

ESTHER SHEPSTONE, a girl who is down on her luck and in love with

RAYMOND ASHTON, a good-looking riffer.

JUNE MASON, who makes friends with Esther.

OUT in the night, a man is crying—giving despairingly.

The sound reaches Micky Mellowes, in his comfortable bed.

Esther Shepstone.

room, and arouses his curiosity, investigate, and overhears the girl.

What is the matter, he asks. At first she declares that there is nothing wrong; but Micky insists upon knowing the truth, and the girl tells him that she has left her home and is very miserable. In her arms she has a black cat, which she has rescued from the boarding-house.

Micky induces her to accompany him to a little restaurant, and there have supper together. He wins her confidence, and she accepts his offer of friendship in a desperate sort of way. Micky tells her his name, and, reluctantly, she says that she is Esther Shepstone. She gives Micky her address, and promises to return home. He puts her into a taxi and walks back to his flat. There he finds Raymond Ashton waiting for him.

Ashton is leaving England at once. His mother has found out about his attempt to marry her poor, and has threatened to "cut him off" unless he abandons all idea of marrying her.

He tells Micky that he wants Micky to deliver a letter to the girl explaining the situation. Micky glances at the letter and sees the name—Miss Esther Shepstone—and the girl who is the one which the girl with the cat has given him.

After Ashton has gone away Micky impulsively tears open the letter and reads the contents. Ashton is cautiously throwing Esther over.

In order to shield Esther, Micky writes his first love-letter—and signs it Raymond Ashton. The genuine letter which Ashton had written Micky locks in his desk.

Micky takes Esther out to tea. She tells him that she had had a letter from the man she loves, which has made the world look so much brighter.

Micky knows that it is his letter which has wrought the change. At the new boarding-house to which she moves Esther meets June Mason. Raymond Ashton and Esther is shown a photograph of Micky Mellowes, as the richest man June Mason has ever met.

Esther learns that Micky is her old friend. June is charmed with her, and in her own mind she decides that Micky would like her very much.

June Mason tells Esther that Micky is one of the richest men in London, and the girl, feeling very miserable, hopes that she will never see him again.

JUNE MASON'S PLAN.

MICKY passed a restless three days before he made any attempt to see Esther Shepstone again; days that seemed like a month at least, and during which he lost his appetite and forgot to smoke.

That she did not particularly care if he saw him again or not, he was miserably sure. She had no thoughts for anyone but Ashton. He cursed himself for a fool, as he thought of the harm that letter had done. He had meant to save her pain, but he knew now that what he had done would only make the pain of inevitable disillusionment harder to bear when it came.

He felt as if he could not settle to anything. On the third morning Marie Deland rang him up. He had told her many times that her voice on the telephone cheered him, but to-day it made him frown.

He tried to answer her cheery. "That you, Micky!" as cheerily, but he knew it was a failure.

"What's the matter?" she asked, quickly. "Aren't you well? Or are you cross?"

"There was a hint of laughter in her voice. She had never known Micky's voice as he was always the cheeriest of mortals."

Micky grabbed at the excuse she offered him. "I've got a brute of a headache," he said. "Poor old boy!" The pretty, sympathetic voice irritated him. "Come out for a walk; it will do you good."

"Thanks—thanks awfully, but I don't think it would. I'm a perfect bear—you'd hate me. Some other time."

There was a little pause. Micky could have kicked himself as he remembered on what terms he had parted. It was not her fault that the miracle had happened since then to metamorphose the whole world. He supposed uncomfortably that she was just the same as she had been when he last saw her. He knew she must be wondering why he had stayed away from her for so long. He tried to soften his words.

"I'll look in to-night, if I may. Sorry to be such a bear."

She answered rather dispiritedly that it was all right, that she was sorry he felt ill, but a relief when she rang off. He took his hat and then went off to call on Esther.

He felt that he could settle to nothing till he had seen her again; that he was in a state of jealousy in his heart about Ashton; he would have given anything he possessed to be able to disillusion her, but knew it was impossible without hopelessly compromising himself.

It was a bitter disappointment to find that she

was out when he reached the boarding-house. He felt a little absurdly when he heard, after a moment he turned and walked away.

He wondered if she really was out, or only out to him.

After a moment he laughed at himself for the suspicion. A few days ago he had not known there was such a person as Esther Shepstone in the world, and yet now here he was, consumed with jealousy because she was not in when he called.

Where had she gone, and with whom?

He took a taxi back to the West End; he walked about for half an hour staring aimlessly into shop windows, then went back to his rooms. He could not understand her extraordinary restlessness; he had only once before felt anything like it in all his life, and that had been the first time he ever backed a horse, and was waiting a wire from the course to say if the brute had won.

He recalled the fever of impatience that had consumed him then, and laughed; after all, it had been nothing compared with this.

Driver came to the room, and everyone and everything seemed a bore—an effort.

"Tea! Where?" he asked, vaguely. "Miss Mason said that you would know, sir; the name place as usual."

"Oh, all right!" Micky looked at the clock and sighed. After all, it would be something to pass the time, and June was always amusing; he went off almost at once to the unpretentious club of which she had spoken to Esther. He had to wait in the lobby while a boy in buttons fetched June to him.

She came downstairs looking very much at home, and smoking the inevitable cigarette. It was one of June Mason's charms that she always managed to look at home wherever she was.

She had taken off her coat, but she wore a gown with a gold ornament that suited her to perfection, set on her dark head at a rather rakish angle.

"I began to think you were not coming," she said.

She gave him her left hand, and Micky squeezed it in friendly fashion. They went upstairs together to a small tea-room, which was just now deserted save for two waitresses who were giggling together over a newspaper.

They walked over to a table in the window, and Micky followed her.

He had been here with her scores of times before, and the two waitresses smiled at one another knowingly; they were quite sure that this was a romance with a capital letter.

Micky was sitting with an elbow on the table, absently smoothing the back of his head; he was wishing it was Esther sitting opposite to him; he looked up with a little start when June spoke to him.

"What's up, Micky? I've never seen you looking so depressed."

He roused himself with an effort. "Oh, nothing, nothing! It's the beastly weather, I expect."

She looked at him quizzically with her queer eyes.

"I shouldn't have thought the weather would depress you," she said. However, if you say it does—"

He shook himself together. "I'm not depressed any longer," he declared. "Well, and how are you? And how is the swindle?" It was Micky's pet joke to call June's invention the "swindle," though in his heart he was almost as proud of it as she was.

"She laughed. "It's very well, thank you; but that isn't what I want to talk to you about to-day. Micky, would you like to come to tea with me one afternoon?"

Micky stared. "Tea! Haven't I come to tea with you to-day?"

"Silly! I don't mean here; I mean where I live. It's a boarding-house. I dare say you'll hate it, but it's really quite a nice place, and beggars can't be choosers, anyway. I've got a very comfortable sitting-room and most of my own furniture, and I can give you a good cup of tea, or anything else, if you prefer."

"I shall be delighted," Micky looked puzzled. "But isn't this rather a breaking of rules! I swear not so very long ago that you made me swear never to try and find out where you lived. I thought it was all to be a deadly secret."

"So it was, but I've decided to admit you. I know you're safe, and Micky, wouldn't you like to meet the dearest, prettiest, most attractive little girl—"

Micky moved his chair back in mock alarm. "June! You're not turning back-maker! I'll not give you fair warning that our friendship will have to end once and for ever. I'll put up with a lot from you, but not this—not."

"Don't be an idiot!" said June, calmly. "There isn't the slightest fear! And anyway," she added, with a half-sigh, "she's engaged already, so it wouldn't be any good. But I want you to help her. . . . Oh, I know I'm always bringing you foundations to help and I'm sure you'll get such a good thing out of it, and such a big banking account," she added, audaciously.

"Well, go on—!" he said, resignedly. "Who is the founding this time, and what am I to do?"

Micky laughed. "She's a darling," June said, warmly. "I've only known her for four days—she lives in the same house, too—a fancy to her from the first moment I ever saw her. No, it was before that it was when I first heard her name. . . ."

Micky raised his brows. "What a creature of impulse! My dear, you'll burn your fingers badly some day."

"And when I do," said Miss Mason, sharply, "I shan't come crying to you for sympathy; however. . . . Well, she's poor! She's one of those horribly poor, frightfully proud people whom it's almost impossible to help. I've tried all ways! I asked her to go shares with my sitting-room, and she said she couldn't afford it; she'll hardly let me give her a cup of tea or coffee for fear I should think she was sponging on me. She seems most righteously alone in the world. She says she's engaged to a man, but he's abroad, and I'm sure she's not nice, anyway. . . ."

He's only written to her once since, when there wasn't a letter, I know she went back to her room and cried. I knocked at the door, but she wouldn't let me in."

IT'S ESTHER.

SHE paused and looked at Micky for sympathy.

He half smiled; he knew how enthusiastic June always was about everything.

"Well, and what do you want me to do for this damsel in distress?" he asked, gently. "I want you to get her a berth somewhere," he was told promptly. "No, it's no use saying you can't! My dear man, you must know scores of people who'd take her in. She thought she was fixed up all right, but now it appears that the people she was with before haven't got a vacancy for her, and so that's knocked on the head. She told me that she'd have to just take the first thing that came along. I feel sure she's hardly got a shilling to her name."

I offered to take her into partnership with me. I said we'd go travelling together for my beauty cream, but she wouldn't hear of it. . . . She's so proud!—and here a sound of tears crept into June Mason's voice. "I ask you, Micky, what can be done with anyone like that?"

Micky shrugged his shoulders. "If she'll take anything that comes along, she ought to get a job pretty soon," he said, laconically. "I'll speak to a man I know—can she write a decent hand and all that sort of thing?"

"Of course she can! But I want a good berth mind you! I've never been so fond of anybody as I am of her. She's awfully worried about this horrid man she's engaged to, I can see. She doesn't say much about him, but this morning she said that there didn't seem to be anything to live for, and her eyes looked so sad. . . ."

Micky smiled at her serious face. "You'd make an eloquent appeal in a court of law," he said. He took a pencil from his pocket and an envelope. "Give me her name and address, and I'll see what I can do. I don't promise anything, mind you, but I'll do what I can."

"You're a dear," said June, warmly. "I knew you were the one to come to. I'm quite sure when you've seen Esther you'll . . . why, what's the matter, Micky?"

Micky had looked up sharply. His face had paled a little.

"What name did you say?" he asked. He never knew how he managed to control his voice. His heart seemed to be thumping in his throat, choking him. "What name did you say?" he asked again, with an effort. "I did not catch it."

"It's Esther," said June. "Esther Shepstone."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

FILMS THAT FAILED.

Talking Pictures and Shows for Schools Useless.

"The talking picture has proved a failure," said Mr. J. D. Tippet, of the Transatlantic Film Company, at the cinema commission yesterday, "and schemes for film education in schools have proved abortive."

"Several attempts have been made," he added, "to perfect a machine (generally a small phonograph placed behind the centre of the screen operated electrically from the operator's box) to get the people acting in the pictures to present the illusion of talking."

The object-most of these apparatus tried to achieve was to make the phonograph voice synchronise with the corresponding movements on the screen, but this has so far proved a failure.

Many people were puzzled that all attempts to organise an efficient moving picture service for the schools had proved abortive.

Perhaps the real reason why the cinematograph had not proved adaptable to school education was that the task of re-editing the films and putting them together appeared so herculean that no organisation or individual had been bold or public spirited enough to grapple with it.

GERMAN GENERAL KILLED.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—Major-General von Wentzky and Petersheide, commanding the Charloer district, has been killed in action—Central News.

Hot Water Each Morning Puts Roses in Your Cheeks



To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning to flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, form toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy blood in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and

bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Girls and women with sallow skins, blotches, pimples or pallid complexion, also the who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation, should begin this phosphated water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate is very little at the chemists, but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin on outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because skin pores do not absorb impurities into blood, while the bowel pores do. Women who desire to enhance the beauty of their complexion should just try this for a notice results.



Captain L. M. P. O., who has been granted the D.S.O. for conspicuous services.



Mr. T. London, M.P., who was attacked by Sinn Féiners at a meeting at Limerick.

The Rambler and Labour.

I AM off to-day for the great Labour Conference at Manchester. Some of you may perhaps be surprised. There is no need to be, however. My interests are not wholly with the lighter side of existence. It is my business to touch all phases of our national life and at the moment do any of you know a more important share than is presented by the world of Labour?

A Great Conference.

This conference at Manchester will be one of the most historic in the entire annals of Labour. It will bring together crowds of interesting and important persons—men and women. The stalwarts of the trade unions will debate with the visionaries of the I.L.P. and the Fabians. Woman's voice will be heard, I hope, not shrilly. And, finally, we shall know what Labour means to do for the duration of the war and what it hopes to do when peace comes again.

The Wife of a Hero.

I have had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Angel, the wife of the heroic chemist who perished in the East London explosion. Though worn out with worry and fatigue, she was able to tell me something about her experiences on that awful night.

Help from Harley-street.

You can imagine, perhaps, the feeling of complete dismay with which, on her arrival at the wrecked factory, she found that there was not a single man or woman in the district whom she knew. "Fortunately," she said, "there were five Harley-street specialists on the scene, and they rendered me all the assistance in their power. If it had not been for their kindness, I don't know what I should have done."

The Stoic East.

By the way, I have just heard a story of the explosion from a man who was in the district the following morning. Two women, both of whom had had their houses wrecked, happened to meet in the street. "Hallo, Liz!" remarked one of them, cheerfully. "Cleaned your winders this morning?"

Adult Suffrage.

I have heard lately of much political opinion in active support of an early introduction of adult suffrage. One of the M.P. group I met yesterday told me that the question was going to be urged in the House at the earliest opportunity.

A U Boat Debate.

I heard, too, that in the first week or two of the new session there is likely to be a debate on the U boat campaign. That would give Sir Edward Carson the opportunity of making his first appearance before the House as First Lord of the Admiralty.

The New Profession.

A small boy told me yesterday that when he grows up he wants to become a professional Note-writer.

Candid Friend.

I hear that Colonel Sir Arthur Lee's candid criticism of the Government, in the course of explanation of the scheme of food production through the County War Agricultural Committees at Aylesbury was read with a good deal of interest by certain politicians in Whitehall yesterday. His frank confession that the Government is "in a little bit of a muddle" over the labour problem is decidedly piquant.

American Ties.

The colonel, a dark-complexioned handsome man in the prime of life, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He is a great personal friend of ex-President Cleveland, who stayed with him in London during his visit to the country a few years ago and he has a further tie with America's marriage to an American lady.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Will Crooks and His Visitors.

A friend of mine called on Mr. Will Crooks during the week-end and was delighted to find him rapidly regaining strength after his trying illness and full of practical ideas which he has been working out during his convalescence.

Better Than Medicine.

A motor-car drew up outside Mr. Crooks' modest terrace house and in walked Mr. Lloyd George and Miss Megan. "Mother," as Mr. Crooks calls his wife, hastily prepared tea, and for a quarter of an hour or so there was a cheerful little party. Mr. Crooks said the kindness of the unexpected visit did him more good than half a dozen bottles of medicine.

National Service.

There was a lot of talk yesterday about Mr. Neville Chamberlain's hint of compulsion, but a St. Ermin's Hotel man told me that while no doubt it would be applied if found necessary the National Service Department was very hopeful indeed that all the needs would be met by voluntary enrolment.

Our Australasian Contingent.

Mrs. Argie Samuel, who originated the idea of a special matinee to celebrate the official birthday of Australasia on Friday, has the sounding title of official hostess and keeper of the treasure chest to the Australasian Contingent. A performance of "Chu Chin Chow" has been arranged by Mr. Oscar Asche. Sir Herbert Tree is lending the theatre, while Mr. Asche and Miss Brayton will give their own services.

Christine Silver's New Part.

Miss Christine Silver tells me her next part will be that of a girl in a poem by the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore at some



Miss Olga Morrison, who is appearing in Miss Margaret Morris' new ballet at the Coliseum.

special matinees. One speech runs to five pages of blank verse, and there is a "quick-change" for Miss Silver which is timed to take only one minute.

Musical Envelopes.

The Cornstalk composer, Mr. Emmett Adams, whose songs, "God Send You Back to Me" and the "Nowhere Walk" in "See-Saw" have been so successful, is fond of writing bits of melody on envelopes. One song was written on four envelopes in a taxicab. I heard it played by the composer the other evening and prophesied it will be a "hit."

The Land Slide.

There is an ancient proverb which declares that sinners stand in slippery places. Yesterday morning, however, it was not merely the sinners who were in a position of insecurity. The saints themselves were far from assured of their footing as they warily proceeded on their way to the railway station along a glazed pavement.

Unpunctual Trains.

I am afraid the trains did not bring them much relief. They were infrequent. They were late. They were subject to stoppages. Some of them were not running at all. A rueful inhabitant of Hampton informed me that he had been deprived of his morning milk and his morning *Mirror*. And all through the vagaries of Jack Frost!

"Late" Editions.

A colleague who lives at Finchley tells me that he arrived at Golders Green Tube Station at ten o'clock. The morning newspapers had just turned up. They were lying, undistributed, in stacks upon the floor. Passengers were invited to help themselves and pay their pennies or their halfpennies to the attendant.

A Wonderful Model.

One of Prince Albert's most treasured possessions, I am told, is a miniature model of a submarine only five inches long, but delicately constructed with all the intricate internal mechanism. It was made by an artificer in the Navy.

Vicereine's Favourite Hospital.

I hear that Lady Wimborne has now quite recovered from her illness and has done a good deal of visiting during the past week or so. She is a frequent caller at the hospitals, her



Lady Wimborne.

favourite Dublin institution being the children's hospital, where she may be often seen cheering up the little inmates. The Marquis of Anglesey is now in Dublin and has been amongst Lord Wimborne's guests.

"Way for His Worship."

It is only in the Mansion House itself one realises the jolliness of being Lord Mayor of London. Ushers precede him crying "Way for his Worship the Lord Mayor." I noticed this yesterday at the Mansion House meeting on "Woman's Work." The announcement caused not only the American Ambassador's wife to spring to her feet to let "his Worship" pass, but also the Duchess of Buckingham and the Countess of Jersey.

Mourning at the Mansion House.

The big crimson and gold hall was packed with women ushered in by Frances Lady de Lisle to the strains of the artillery band. And I noticed all wore black and dark colours in honour of the brave dead down in the East.

Not a Flag Day.

The meeting, by the way, was, as we only found when we got there, to urge on "Woman's Day," which Lady Selby-Bigge assures me is not a flag day. They are to sell pansies for women's welfare work, and Lady Sydenham, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Helena Acland Hood and all the many distinguished ladies I noticed on the platform are helping it.

Incongruous.

What is the Army coming to! At a friend's the other night I found a colonel smoking a churchwarden.

Tooth-Combing.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain says that he is in the position of a dentist who has to extract a certain number of teeth. Tooth-comb them out!

Orators Among Ladies of Title.

In connection with the defeat of budding Portias by the Bar it is interesting to note that during recent years several ladies of title have distinguished themselves as public speakers. Lady Londonderry and Lady Burnham are noted for their eloquence, and so are Lady Frances Balfour, Rosalind Lady Carlisle and her daughter, Lady Dorothy Henley, the Dowager Lady Jersey and Lady Grove, wife of Sir Walter Grove.

A Good Habit.

A club wag tells me that Tino has got out a printed form saying that he accepts all the Allies' latest demands, and that he dispatches one every day, whether he hears from the Allies or not.

"Home on Leave."

Bonko, the mascot pedigree bulldog of H.M.S. Malaya, has visited Drury Lane Theatre. Bonko wore a khaki blanket with the Malay States and D.S.O. ribbons attached, and a medal of the battle of Jutland, at which he was present.

All the Celebrities.

I was talking to a "Tommy" the other day. He said that his company contained a Charles Dickens, a Tom Moore and a Henry Fielding.

Lizard from the East.

"Tommy" is bringing home strange souvenirs of the war. The other day I came across an Engineer corporal who had brought from Salonika half a dozen lizards.

THE RAMBLER.

AFREEGIFT FOR 1917.



Every reader who suffers in any way from Skin and Complexion Troubles is advised to send to-day for a Free Sample of

VEGETINE PILLS,

the famous remedy that will make your

SKIN TROUBLES GO AWAY.

Every kind of SKIN COMPLAINT can be cured.

Every spot and blemish can be removed from the Complexion. If you suffer from any trouble of this kind, write now for a

FREE SAMPLE OF VEGETINE PILLS AND SOAP.

Write at once, enclosing only two penny stamps for postage, to THE DAVID MACQUEEN COMPANY, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON, E.C.

In return, we will send you a sample package, containing a box of VEGETINE PILLS and a tablet of VEGETINE Superior TOILET SOAP.

We will do this because we have proved that VEGETINE PILLS are the only cure for a blotchy or pimply skin. They are absolutely safe to take, and do not contain poison or any harmful drugs.

HOW VEGETINE PILLS ACT.

The effect of Vegetine Pills is to draw all impurities away from the skin surface and discharge them from the system. They are a blood cleanser of extraordinary potency, and when used face blemishes, such as *Pimples, Blotches, Greasy Skin, Eczema, Scales, Acne, Sallowness, Pasty Complexion, Blackheads*, at once disappear.

BE CAREFUL ABOUT SOAP.

To reap the full benefit of the Vegetine Beauty treatment you must use the right kind of soap.

Vegetine Soap is the best for you because, while it has all the advantages of the best toilet soap, it contains nothing that will injure the most sensitive skin.

Therefore, while taking Vegetine Pills you should use only Vegetine Soap.

A SUGGESTION.

Buy a box of VEGETINE PILLS TO-DAY from your local chemist. Follow the directions, and in three days you will notice an improvement. In ten or fourteen days you will be astonished by the change for the better in your appearance. And in a very short time you will have an absolutely perfect skin.

Sold by all chemists at 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, and the soap at 9d. per tablet; or direct, post free.

RHEUMATISM

At last a cure has been found which never fails. Slight cases, and those of 30 and even 40 years' standing, have been completely freed. Your limbs will straighten, swellings disappear, and you will feel ten years younger. Send for a free supply of this wonderful remedy at once, while the offer is open. Send no money, just a few lines, and your medicine will be sent free towards postage expenses.

Write to: CHARLES STAFFORD (Dept. D.M.) 40, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.



Look Out for Mr. Bottomley's Article in the "Sunday Pictorial"

THE "Sunday Pictorial" is
the Most Popular Paper
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The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

EVERY Member of the
Family Enjoys Reading
the "Sunday Pictorial" : :

ARMOUR MADE WITH PETROL TINS—SOLDIER ACTORS NEAR SALONIKA.



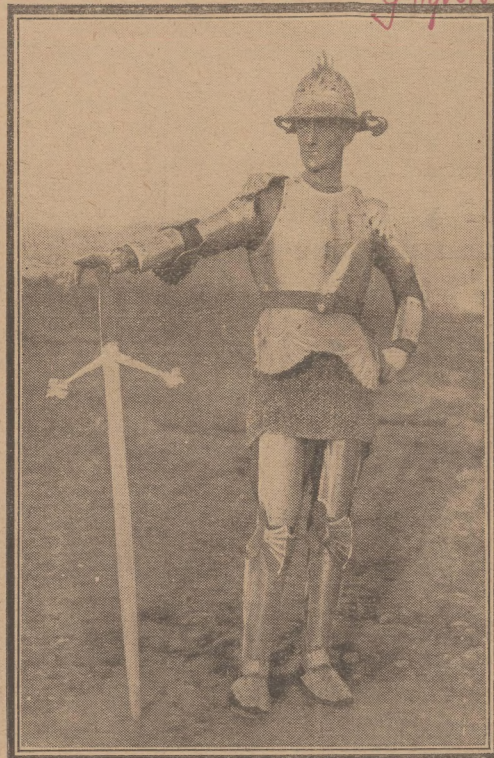
Private Upcher took the part of a minstrel.—(Official photograph.)



The Bishop in his mitre.—(Official.)



A lady of the Court.—(Official.)



Private J. Reid, who was a comic knight.—(Official photograph.)

There were many clever home-made costumes in the play which Private J. Reid, who in private life is a sculptor of repute, and Private Upcher, both of the R.A.M.C., wrote

to amuse the patients at the New Year. The former made his armour out of petrol tins and a silvered dishcloth. Staff-Sergeant T. Howse was the bishop.

"NO CAUSE FOR ALARM"—MUNITIONS MINISTER.



"I am speaking now to munition workers," said Dr. Addison at the Mansion House yesterday, in emphasising the fact that there was no cause for alarm. He is seen between the Duchess of Buckingham and Lord Lytton.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

AT THE RED CROSS SHAKESPEARE EXHIBITION.



Mrs. John Lavery, the wife of the famous artist (facing the camera), Sir George Frampton, the sculptor (nearest the camera), and his wife looking at a statue of Shakespeare at the Grafton Galleries.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)